Threads of Ekatachrome
Cape Horn

Reflections
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There's my dad there, Mahlon M. Hunt, looking back. I checked the date on this photo and it's January 1962, which means it could have been taken in December '61. I would've just turned seven. My brother Mick, on the right, would've been ten. We recognize this iconic viewpoint instantly—one of the most beautiful places on earth.

There's my dad there, looking back.

This slide is one of four images I carried with me when I graduated from high school in 1974. My mom gave me a paisley blue, flower-power photo album to keep my photos in—one of those cellophane-sleeved books everybody had. I found four old slides from the early '60s to make prints and added them to the new book. Just some memories of childhood. The original slides ended up tucked in with other scraps: hunting licenses, first bank accounts, flashbulbs, agates, blue jay feathers. Antique purple glass from the nearby bottle dump—just the odd collection of leftovers from a kid heading off into the world.

Those photos followed me from Camas to Pullman and WSU, then to Seattle through the drama department at the University of Washington, then down to San Francisco, and finally here to Berkeley. Disappearing and resurfacing over the decades.

This Cape Horn photo was over my desk in my office at UC Davis. A reminder of home. A reminder to look back.